

The Grail

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FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



DEAR GRAIL READERS:

Of course, you could not help observing how strong the pagan tendencies of our time have become. Furthermore, you surely have noticed how weak and watery the Catholicity of many of our Catholics has become. Between some Catholics and some non-Catholics it is hard to find the line of distinction. But, have you also noticed that in Catholic ranks there has been a happy reawakening. At least some Catholics are beginning to make something out of their grand heritage of Faith. The liturgical movement has caught them in its charm or spell. They are beginning to realize that they have a rich treasure in their grace of Faith and all that comes to them through this fundamental gift. I see, for example, with greatest pleasure the increased interest that is being taken in the Mass, the central act of all religion.

Do you know that today here in our own America there are Catholic laymen who even daily recite the Office, the liturgical prayer of the Church? Others again are so bent on getting back to the sublime life of the early Christians that they are planning a simple kind of rural life that will remove folks from the distractions of our day and permit them to intersperse their work with prayer and religious thought. This idea will be an inspiration to the fortunate farmer boys and girls, who unfortunately have not known how to Christianize their blessed isolation. Too many of them have wanted to get away from the quietude of the farm to bask in the stir and excitement of the city.

The Benedictine monks are really fortunate as a class. Glad am I to be one of them. Our holy Founder, St. Benedict, mapped out an ideal kind of life for us based on that of the early Christians. It is a Gospel life. Explicitly St. Benedict says that he wants to lead us under the guiding hand of the Gospel. The first

advantage of his monks is to be isolated from the dangers of the world; the next advantage is to lead a life in close union with the Church, the Mystical Christ, through stressing the Divine Service. The Church's prayers are the chief spiritual food of the monk, after the Holy Eucharist. The Benedictine can bask in the Liturgy and drink from its fountains of grace. Yes, he works too. His motto is: *Pray and work*. Man was made for both, and blessed is he only then when he faithfully does both.

Most persons have work a-plenty. They even use the abundance of their work as an excuse for not praying. The excuse is not valid. The fact of the matter is that too many persons put numerous dangerous distractions in the place of prayer. Stop to think of this: Is it really necessary, is it good to be listening to the radio all the time, to go to many movies and other entertainments, to read all kinds of secular papers and trivial books? After these things it becomes hard to pray. The early Christians didn't have these distractions, but they had the sacred psalms and canticles and prayers. You may even be tempted to laugh at the thought of your changing your distractions for such things as the early Christians practiced.

Just the same, when you do pray, you turn your casually devout mind to these early Christians to honor them as Saints. And where will you be, once you have been taken out of time into eternity? The fire that Christ came to cast on the earth is those many sparks of grace that are constantly being enkindled in souls at the baptismal font, in the confessional, in the divine services. He wants these graces to grow, these sparks to burn, yea to spread into a conflagration, so that *ardent* (that means burning) souls may hasten the coming of God's Kingdom on earth.

We at St. Meinrad are very enthusiastic at this time about the prospective development of

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Glory?

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

OCCASIONALLY the Cynic called it his car. Just now, though, with his face about two inches from the radiator, he was telling it in glowing terms exactly what he thought of a certain pile of scrap iron. Although we were about twenty miles from nowhere and on a little-travelled road when the—ah, car decided to cease action, I found the stop somewhat of a relief. Conversation had been confined too long to forcibly jerked out monosyllables. And now, although the Cynic's choice of language was not on the highest possible plane, it was at least something more than the grunts with which he had for the last thirty miles attempted to manifest his character as a social being.

"Here," I finally said, tossing him a wrench and hoping against hope that he would strip his oral gears or at least shift to a more pleasant mode of speech.

"Can I help any?" I asked trying to look even more helpless.

"Yes," he said, "keep out of the way." Then, as an after-thought, he added, "You might talk about something that will keep me from rolling this thing into the river."

"Thanks. Where will I ever find anything that will keep you from doing anything you want to? I've been trying to find that for a long time."

"Oh, just start your tongue moving and you at least will be in your glo—. Say, that's it; I've been wanting to ask you for some time about the Gloria of the Mass. Go ahead, I'm listening."

"You don't want much, do you? I'll see what I can do, though. Let's see, Gloria in excelsis Deo. Gloria.... Oh, yes. The Gloria can either be considered as an amplified form of the song the angels sang on the first Christmas morning or it can be looked at as an amplified form of the Glory be to the Father.

"In the form in which we have it now, the Gloria is a rather free translation of an old

Greek hymn. You see, the early Christians took quite a few things over from the Jewish manner of worship. They tried to imitate the Jews in composing liturgical prayers and hymns along the lines of the psalms. The Gloria was one of these, and that fact accounts for a certain similarity between the make-up of the Gloria and the psalms. In general, however, the attempt failed, partly because of the lack of poetical inspiration and partly because of the abuses to which the heretics soon drove the practice. Only the Gloria and one or two other hymns proved to be exceptions and these are the only ones that survived the test of time."

The wrench slipped and I took time out to hold my ears while the Cynic relieved himself of a few more choice sentiments. The tirade didn't last so long, though, and I was able to continue: "The first sentence of the Gloria was sung by the angels announcing the birth of Christ. It is, therefore, of heavenly composition. As to the origin of the rest, we have only a number of theories which we

cannot prove historically. Some say that Pope Telesphorus in the second century introduced the Gloria into the Mass in the West; some say that St. Hilary of Poitiers was responsible for it. Others combine the two and say that Telesphorus introduced the angels' part only and later on St. Hilary brought the rest back from his exile in the East. Anyway, it is safe to say that it was compiled and introduced by the early Church."

By this time the Cynic was under the car and paying as much attention to me as he usually did to a piece of good advice which he intended to use only as a lining for his mental wastebasket.

"In regard to the usage," I continued for lack of a better thing to do, "there has been a considerable variety. St. Athanasius in his treatise 'De Virginibus' recommends it highly as a morning prayer. As used in the Mass, though,

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Rural Rhapsody

Cicely Burke

APRIL, lovely April!
Dogwood on the hill
Hyacinth and tulip,
Clouds of Daffodil...

FOUR walls certainly do a prison make in April; but is there any reason why we must stay prisoners? Spring unlocks the garden door and be we forty or eighty life begins. Now and then, to be sure, our presence is demanded in the house, but we don't spend our time in this prison of our own making. There's nothing like outdoor puttering to make us forget worries real or imagined.

A little thought will tell "us girls" that we wouldn't have this feeling for housework if it were our natural occupation.

I'm a companionable creature, charming, if I do say it, myself, when puttering in the garden, moving perennials that have learned to fold up all ready for the move when they see me coming toward them, spade, grubbing hoe, et al, in hands—when it's Spring.

But sentence me to housework on a lovely spring day and I'd put to shame the most ill natured slave imaginable. If you need a demonstration to get the idea just drop in on me some day, any day balmy and ringing with the song of the birds, murmur of bees, and all that poetic joy, and try to visit with me as I take down curtains, wash windows—sweep and dust.

The only thing I know that can give the garden second place is fishing off an old rickety pier at Ocean City, Maryland. It shivers my timbers just to remember. I'm no sailor. Never been to sea farther than the little tug takes visitors to the Statue of Liberty in the Atlantic, and a jaunt out to spend the day on a battleship that lay anchored just out of San Pedro Bay, Pacific, but—well, why try to reason it out. No ocean crossing could surpass those mornings on the old pier, rocking with every slap of the breakers.

The fish I must confess didn't molest my bait much. Now and then a piggy faced Skate that was promptly pounced upon by seasoned fisher-

men and done away with. The first time this huge fish that dared my hook was treated with such violence I was ready to weep. But after it was explained to me that my catch was an enemy of good fishes, and of no value to man or woman, why, I'd had the thrill of reeling it in, anyway, and if one more Skate (Stinging Ray—alias Stingaree) out of the way would make the waters more pleasant for such palatable fishes as flounder, whitefish, and a lot more whose names I can no longer remember—well, the sport was all I wanted anyway, for fish has never been one of my favorite foods. Heigh ho!

But, here's the garden, and April is coaxing. I shall a gardening go.

First, I shall remove all the frills from the windows, and make housekeeping as simple as possible for the summer. And, spend outdoors every second that can be snatched from monotonous chores. I have no assurance that I'll be up where I can feast my eyes on the beauties of the earth another year, and there's so much joy to be garnered that I must make use of the spring I have in my hand.

Gardens are an enchanting study. A bold weed will rear its head where you had expected a bleeding heart, or phlox; and like as not you'll find a long-spurred columbine all splashed with the gold of Omar's coffers (if Omar had no gold in his coffers, kindly excuse. Poetic license is a great help in case the poet is none too talented).

Primroses? Indeed, they are not prim at all—always straying from the straight and narrow row in which they are planted. Violets, too, are ambitious. Each spring we find them in places where never before had we seen their guileless beauty.

But climbing roses! Each spring they cover everything within their reach. And spirea hangs its snowwhite head embarrassed by the boldness of peonies red—

And in the pansy bed this very morning I found a sly dandelion had made itself at home.

Truly, gardens are an enchanting study. What a pity the boisterous south wind should smell of fish! Well, perhaps it is honeysuckle. Imaginations do run riot in Spring. "Imagination, nothing 'tis the ravings of a housewife in the throes of spring fever," Himself decides, and forthwith prescribed a fishing jaunt down to the near-by trout stream. But, I am not to be enticed from my garden. We've had so few days of sun and warm winds these past months that I dare not waste today.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard" I advise the tempter.

The tempter's shouts of laughter make the garden spot even more enchanting.

"That's out—long ago," he says. "Did you ever go to a picnic that wasn't overrun with ants working like nobody's business, carrying off crumbs. What does that tell you, Madame? Why, that ants are not so keen on work as the oldtimers believed. They always have time for a picnic."

"But, you just said they were working—carrying off crumbs." I was glad to have that on this wise man, experience having taught me how he changed a subject that has become embarrassing, and while he wielded the spade (his way of changing the subject) I ran in for Clarkia seeds. And Sweet Williams. Have you ever noticed that men, little and big, dote on Sweet Williams? Well, no reason why we can't plant Sweet Williams, too,—we have all the space we want. *Nice and companionable*, if I do say it as should blush for the conceit. That's why I love gardens—they make me what I ain't.

"The surf plows in from foreign shores"

I hum an old refrain.

"You'd better plant a row of peas

Methinks it feels like rain—

the man with the spade contributes a land-lubber's idea of a spring song.

Oh, dear, no, we don't spend all our time on flowers. If you'll come up and see us some time next month, we'll show you a vegetable garden that will surprise you.

And, hundreds of fluffy baby Buff Orpingtons, and a flock (maybe I should say—HERD) of velvety baby guernseys—so what? Well, it would be just too bad for one of these professional farm-folk-sympathizers that would happen in here to while away a lot of time!

Wanderlust in South Wind

Sea foam on the rain—....

Oh, well, I'll plant the row of peas

My kingdom for a last line!

And just to prove we are not Scotch, for the best last line received before the first of May we'll send a coral lily bulb to winner.

Kick that bushel measure of modesty off the talents, folks, and let's see what we shall see.

Glory?

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the Popes at first reserved to themselves the right to sing the Gloria and that for some time only at midnight Mass on Christmas. In the fifth or sixth century the Bishops received permission to say the Gloria in Mass on Sundays and on feasts of the martyrs. Not a little trouble arose when the Bishop of Bethlehem took to himself the right to say the Gloria in every Mass no matter what the season or feast. He based his claim on the fact that the Gloria had first been heard at Bethlehem and, therefore, there should be some way of commemorating that. Priests did not have the privilege of saying the Gloria in Masses other than that of Easter Day until the end of the eleventh century.

"Since the Gloria is a canticle of gladness and joy, it is not said during the penitential seasons of Advent and Lent, in so-called black Masses, nor in votive Masses. To this last class, though, the votive Masses in honor of the angels are exceptions."

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Resurrection Morn

PASCHAL BOLAND, O. S. B.

The Hind of the dawn

The lone mystic Fawn

Loping its way to earth's most distant hills,

Pursued by Night, becomes a fleeing prey,

Pausing tremblingly at its goal's brink,

Is seized and shorn of its vesture of Day—

The silent stars like Sibyls watch and wink.

The Hind of the dawn

The lone mystic Fawn

Nosing its way thru distant eastern hills

To thrust aside in glorious gesture

The star-studded hanging of death and Night,

Now stands full clad in triumphant vesture—

The Conqueror, the Truth, the Life, the Light.



Hello, Ma!

(Continued)

Chicago, Illinois,
January 17, 1934.

Dear Ma:

Your letter came Monday and I would have answered sooner only we had a dance here since I wrote you. There was a five piece orchestra of awfully good looking boys.

I wore my poppy-colored dress and slippers. Danced the soles off them. Will have to get a new pair. Will I get black satin pumps, Ma? They are more practical.

Ma, you always hint I do not appreciate Aunt Mame. I do. I think she is swell, a good sport and good looking in spite of her fleshiness. I had to start telling about the McCanns as no one here knew the Wards.

My play—THE GOLDEN DOOM—is coming along good. I met an actor at the school dance and he is helping me with the staging. He is wonderful. His name is La Marr Marchmont and he reminds me of Pa—so good looking and cow-eyed.

Ma, its only ninety miles home. Can I come up for the week-end and bring La Marr with me? I am real lonesome for you, Ma.

Mrs. Huck had another spell at me in chapel today and I tried to follow your advice about swallowing my words. It made her think I was afraid of her and she roared louder at me and taunted: "Kay, 'fraidy cat!"

It started about La Marr. She said he was a bohunk. I asked her if that was proper talk for the director of a private school. I was justified, I am sure.

I mean to hang on to La Marr until after the staging and then I will give him the air—not because Mrs. Huck said to, because I want to.

He has longish hair, a blue chin and eyes like dear Pa's—so soul-weary and sorrowful. His eyes are exactly like Pa's after one of your scoldings. That is why I like La Marr. He reminds me of Pa. Poor Pa, how I miss him.

La Marr has a Dussex and lives in a ritzy neighborhood, Fullerton Parkway. He has an

Constance Edgerton

apartment with rare old books, Oriental rugs, pictures by Corot and Whistler, a Jap boy to cook and clean for him. Isn't that educational, Ma—to have a Jap boy work for you?

Love to Pa, Aunt Mame, Mary, Eileen, Joey and Ben.

Your lonesome,
Kay.

Telegram from Mrs. Henry McCann, Route 13, Avalon, Wisconsin, telephoned via Delavan, Wisconsin, all the neighbors listening in the while:

KAY MCCANN
HUCK EXCLUSIVELY PRIVATE SCHOOL,
4545 Drexel Blvd.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

COME HOME AT ONCE STOP MOTHER.

Telegram from Miss Kay McCann, sent COD to Delavan, Wisconsin, and read to Mrs. Henry McCann over the telephone, every receiver within fifteen square miles down and the countryside thoroughly enjoyed:

HOW CAN I COME HOME STOP I HAVE NO MONEY KAY.

"Who are you talking to Katey pet?" asked Mr. Henry McCann who came in from the barn to show his wife an item in a Chicago paper, but seeing her disturbed condition refrained.

"To myself, Henry. I am disturbed. Our Kay is running wild around Chicago—to a man's apartment. Oh, oh, oh and oh. What is she thinking of?"

"Kay never was one to gallivant," said Mr. McCann.

"I have it in black and white—her own hand writing. Isn't she old enough to have sense? And has she sense? No!! Chicago! I told her to stay here, didn't I? We'd never miss the bite she ate among us all. What will I do?"

"Write to her," advised Mr. McCann.

Out in the hay Mr. McCann sat down and

took the paper from his pocket. He adjusted his glasses and re-read:

WOMEN'S COLUMN

Jane Marr

(Everyday Miss Marr interviews the head of a corporation, institution, store or factory. Yesterday she interviewed Mrs. Huck, director of a private school that bears her name.)

"I hate people," said Mrs. Huck. "Loathe them. Think they are worms—senseless, sniveling and idiotic. I am fifty-three years old and haven't a friend. Proud of it. I am a success financially.

"My school files show me that in nineteen years I have had six hundred teachers working for me.

"Some stayed a week—and some stayed a whole term which is three months. But help are so senselessly erratic they become insulted and leave.

"They want cream in their coffee. Expect it. Want clean sheets and towels every week. A desk lamp.

"Some few have dared to bid me good morning. I did not answer. To become friendly with your help is riding for a fall.

"My daughter? I reared her to get along without people—without silly girl friends. She is thirty and has the mentality of fifteen because I kept her isolated. She and I attend operas, concerts and shows—You want my picture? Here it is. I—"

Mr. McCann wadded the paper into a ball and threw it across the barn.

Avalon, Wisconsin,
Saturday morning,
January 20, 1934.

Katherine McCann:

What do you mean you have no money when you are teaching in an exclusive school for private girls—I mean a private school for exclusive girls. Telegraphing all over Rock County—all over southern Wisconsin for that matter—when you knew everyone would listen in.

What do you do with all your money? And why have you not come home? Come home right away.

This La Marr is a gunman! I feel it. And you going to his apartment! You brazen piece.

What do I care for his pictures and his rugs? It is your fair name I am thinking of. Where is your shame?

Didn't your Pa, Aunt Mame, and I always live decent and law-abiding? Weren't we self-respecting and well-thought of? And now, you, the first baby God sent Henry and me, the little brown-eyed darling that Henry would call Katherine Mary after two good women—myself and your Aunt Mame—disgraces us.

God comfort me in my old age. True, God's ways are not our ways. I was too proud of you and your dramatic talent... Pride has to crumble—but how can I bear it, become reconciled, smile as I carry my cross?

If you had been content to remain on the farm and listen to Jim Boyle you would be in your own home today—loved and respected.

The Boyles are prominently connected. Policeman Farrell is Jim's uncle. I mean Policeman Farrell of Milwaukee. And handsome he is in his uniform with the white gloves and spats. I only wait for the summer to come that I may see him for he is so kind to his sister Ann Farrell Boyle and her children.

Yet you could not be content at Avalon. Off to Chicago you must go—after you had us impoverished buying postage stamps for you to send to private schools for their catalogs.

It was December 1, 1933, you began to teach in Huck Private School. Less than two months—and how you have shaken my faith in all living things in this short time. I have lost faith in kind Mrs. Huck, for out in the barn I found a paper Pa was trying to hide from me that had an interview she gave to some little girl reporter. Oh, it was a terrible interview. All about herself.... And I lost faith in you for you cannot stand up under difficult trials.

I thank the Lord he (the Jap boy) did not stick a knife in you or feed you poisoned rice.

NO YOU CANNOT BRING LA MARR HERE. COME ALONE AND AT ONCE.

Enclosed is a postoffice money order for fifteen dollars. The fare home is only \$2.66 but your Pa would send fifteen. He—and I—go without necessities that you may luxuriate.

Come home. Your place is here.

Your broken-hearted,
Mother.

Special delivery letter to Miss Kay McCann, Huck School for Girls, 4545 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Illinois, delivered while Kay was chaperoning the senior girls on a week-end in the Dunes.

Avalon, Wisconsin,
Saturday night.

Dear daughter:

Come home. Right away. And what do you mean referring to your father being brow-beaten by me? I never was one to speak up for myself.

You are adding insult to injury. Considering what you did you should be meek and mild. But I always heard that those who threw their good name to the wind were a brazen-faced citizenry. God strengthen me for this heavy cross!

Come home.

Your mother,
Kate McCann.

Chicago, Illinois,
Monday a. m., in class.

Dear Ma:

Your two letters came. I cannot understand. Ma, are you sick? Did any of the cows die? Did the price of milk drop again? Something awful must have happened for you to write me such wild letters—or are you writing continuity?

Ma, I never said I was in La Marr's apartment. I did not see his Corot or his rugs—or his Jap boy. I wrote you what he told me.

Mrs. Huck sent another teacher and me out to her Indiana cottage with twelve senior girls for the week-end. It was cold

and we had to buy fuel or freeze to death. She—Mrs. H—took fourteen of us out to the Dunes in her seven passenger car. We sat on each other. After suffering this great inconvenience she found—when she left us out in the wilderness—that she forgot to put in any food! And she did not give us any money with which to purchase it.

We bought our own supplies. Ma, Mrs. Huck is the worst woman in the index.

Ma, La Marr is nothing to get excited about when it came to staging, so I gave him the air. I can arrange effects far better than he. And he was telling me about his success on Broadway.

Ma, of course you and Pa and Aunt Mame are decent. Did I even hint otherwise? Give Aunt Mame my love. I know she could be Congresswoman and Pa Senator, and Ma, you could be something too—like matron of a state insane asylum or county poor farm.

Lovingly,
Kay.

Chicago, Ill.,
Tuesday a. m.

Dear Ma:

I am coming home. Mrs. Huck is too fresh. She came rampaging into my schoolroom today and said I was to be night supervisor in the nursery.

That means I will have to sleep in a room with eight little girls all under four years of

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Gethsemane's Tale

ADRIAN FRIES, O. S. B.

*By friendship's token, Infinite Love
Is wickedly betrayed;
O heartless traitor, stop! Too late;
The bloody bargain's made.*

*His blessed hands they wrench and bind
In shameful insolence;
Though fettered, yet they govern still
This world of impotence.*

*Those hands oft raised in healing grace
O'er sick and blind and lame,
To heal a wretched world of sin,
Now welcome Calvary's shame.*

*Dim grows the flaring torch's flame
To eyes long bathed in tears,
And faint the rabble's jeering shout
To lingering, hopeful ears.*

*Gethsemani is quiet now,
Save for a mournful wail
That whistles through the olive trees
And tells its tragic tale.*

Philosophy---Pragmatism in America

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

AMERICANS have a great reputation for being 'practical'. They know how to do things. A person imbued with the characteristic of practicality is not concerned so much about knowledge for its own sake. Truth is only of secondary importance. Truth is subordinated to action. In this way truth is considered merely from a utilitarian standpoint. Truth must be useful, otherwise it is of no importance. This holds good also for moral truths. The pragmatist does not consider anything as bad in itself or good in itself. The goodness or badness of an action depends entirely on circumstances and consequences.

This is an age of inventions. Americans are second to none in this field of accomplishment. Wonderful things have been done with the machine. In the ardent desire for the perfection of the machine the only question, as far as knowledge is concerned, is: How can I produce a machine that can do more work and do it faster? how can I make the engine more powerful? how can I make the car go faster? how can I make farm tools that will do more efficient work? etc., etc. The question is always how? never why? It was supposed that by perfecting the machine something useful was being done. But when is a thing useful? A thing is useful only when it can be used to obtain a definite end. If this end does not exist or is merely an imaginary one, then every means ordained towards this fictitious end is useless. The best pair of glasses is absolutely useless to a blind man. Being merely concerned with the how? and not with the why? has not saved the world from a terrible depression. There were too many howitzers aiming at an imaginary target.

Since Americans in general are imbued with practical desires, pragmatism found a fertile field here. The spread of pragmatism in America is due especially to three men; viz., Charles Peirce, William James, and John Dewey.

In 1878 Charles Peirce outlined the fundamental principles of the new doctrine in an article which appeared in *Popular Science*

Monthly. In this article Peirce did not yet use the word pragmatism itself. In 1898 Peirce held a public lecture to a group of philosophers in the University of California. From that time on knowledge of pragmatism spread rapidly throughout America. From 1902 on the word pragmatism was used, not only by Peirce, but also by others.

Peirce describes pragmatism thus: "The opinion that metaphysics is to be largely cleared up by the application of the following maxim for attaining clearness of apprehension: 'Consider what effects, that might conceivably have practical bearings, we conceive the object of our conception to have. Then our conception of these effects is the whole of our conception of the object.'" Perhaps it might be best to explain these words by examples. If, for example, we want some 'clearness of apprehension' as to the meaning of honesty, then we must, according to Peirce, consider the practical effects of honesty. We might consider some of these practical effects to be a good name, enjoying the respect of others, social influence. Hence our conception of these effects, viz., good name, enjoying the respect of others, social influence, is our whole conception of honesty. Of course this is another example of the cart before the horse. Everyone knows that honesty is the cause of a good name, respect, etc. These things do not make honesty but suppose honesty. The pragmatist cannot give an essential definition of any virtue because that would bring him to the natural law and to God. The pragmatist rejects metaphysics and dogmatic religion, but he wishes to retain honesty. However, if honesty is not connected with religion, then all those practical effects will not amount to much. All the practical effects of which the pragmatist speaks might be realized in some particular person, yet, for all that, this person might be dishonest. If his dishonesty had not been discovered, he still would have a good name, etc.

Another example is the pragmatist's conception of God. God is not defined as something

for itself. To form a concept of God, we must first see what the practical effects are. These are, for instance, observance of the law, mutual cooperation, benevolence, philanthropy, etc. If we conceive all these effects, we have an adequate idea of God. The following is a good example of a pragmatic definition of God: "God is that interaction between individuals, groups, and ages which generates and promotes the greatest possible mutuality of good." This definition is actually given by Professor Wieman of Chicago University, who is supposed to be another one of wisdom's satellites.

The first great promoter of Pragmatism in this country was William James, professor of philosophy at Harvard. He lectured on the subject of pragmatism at Boston in 1906 and at New Orleans in 1907. He published his lectures, which were then translated into German, Italian, and French. In this way the doctrine of pragmatism spread to Europe, where a great deal was written on the subject, thus showing what an impression the new doctrine had made on the minds of men. According to James, the pragmatist takes "the attitude of looking away from first things, principles, categories, supposed necessities; and of looking towards last things, fruits, consequences, facts." He defines and describes pragmatism in the following manner: "The doctrine that the whole 'meaning' of a conception expresses itself in practical consequences, consequences either in the shape of conduct to be recommended, or in that of experience to be expected, if the conception be true; which consequences would be different if it were untrue, and must be different from the consequences by which the meaning of other conceptions is expressed. If a second conception does not appear to have other consequences, then it must really be only the first conception under a different name. In methodology it is certain that to trace and compare their respective consequences is an admirable way of establishing the differing meanings of different conceptions."

Professor John Dewey of Columbia University is today the most outstanding exponent of pragmatism. His doctrine is called instrumentalism, but this is just another name for pragmatism. It is called instrumentalism because, according to Dewey, knowledge is merely an instrument in the domination of our environment. Like pragmatists in general, so also Dewey spurns metaphysical speculation. Systems of thought cease to be true and are no longer useful as soon as they no longer help to produce the betterment of society.

Since pragmatism is fundamentally an erroneous philosophical doctrine and since it is being taught by philosophers who are considered to be the greatest, who mold public opinion, who have a great influence in the education of the youth of the land, what may we expect? Dewey, it is said, has taught more students philosophy than any other living philosopher. For nearly fifty years he has occupied the chair of philosophy at some of our most influential universities. It is considered the greatest honor to have Dewey as a member of the faculty. Thousands of

On Learning

GLADYS WILMOT GRAHAM

*Once I could have cried
Aloud into the sky,
And beat against the trunks of trees
That were mightier than I.*

*Now I only smile
As such moods come and go:
There is no less the need to cry,
But more . . . much more to know.*

young men and women think that they have acquired great wisdom by attending his courses. From him they received their basic concepts of philosophy and thus of life. These same students are now in demand as teachers of philosophy to continue that extraordinary wisdom (it would be better to say nonsense) of Dewey, the great prophet of enlightenment. Dewey enjoys even international fame. Dr. Fu Yuan-sei, who is considered to be the greatest living savant in China, says: "We honor you, Dr. Dewey, as the second Confucius. In China higher praise is not." But a true philosopher does not succumb to this emotional hero worship. For such a one Dewey is just another one of those in whose case we have to apply the words of St. Paul: "Beware lest any man cheat you by philosophy and vain deceit . . . according to the elements of the world, and not according to Christ." Coloss. II, 8.

The Church's Night Prayer

Adrian Fries, O. S. B.



THREE thousand years have passed since the hills of Judea rang with the song of David, the Royal Psalmist. The simple joy of serving God, the grand enthusiasm of victory, the awful consciousness of sin, the deep gladness of repentance—in a word, every experience of his soul found prayerful expression in the words he wedded to the strains of

his harp.

Indeed, the Royal Psalmist has long been silent; the strains of his harp no longer ring out across the Judean hills. Yet, after three thousand years his songs live on, because, inspired by God Himself, they breathe the most sublime sentiments of the human soul. For centuries they have risen up from Christian hearts and lips the world over—in the official prayer of the Church. Admirable in itself, the sacred psalmody took on a

new dignity and grace when it became the prayer of the Mystical Body of Christ. In the glorious ages of faith not the monks only and the clergy, but the laity as well, joined in the Divine Office. Did not the secret of the staunch, vigorous Catholicity of those happy days lie in an active participation in the life and prayer of the Church?

In the Divine Office of Holy Mother Church perhaps no single part is filled with such prayerful unction or marked by such simple grandeur as the Office of Compline—the Church's night prayer. Exquisitely beautiful, it was once the evening song of every true Christian.

The Office begins with a solemn admonition

to Christian souls: "Brethren, be sober and watch, for your adversary the devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Whom resist ye, strong in faith."

The Christian soul, cast down by the sight of the sins and offences of the day, seeks to be reconciled with her Creator. The "Confiteor" is an expression of the deepest sorrow and humility..." for I have sinned in thought word, and deed through my most grievous fault."

Now filled with a profound realization of her own sinfulness, and hoping for divine pardon, the soul prays for a lasting conversion of heart: "Convert us, O God, our Salvation, and turn Thy wrath from us." This plea is heightened and emphasized by an ardent cry for the divine assistance, the majestic "Deus in adiutorium." "O God, come to my assistance: O Lord, make haste to help me."

Strikingly appropriate, the three psalms for Compline in the Benedictine breviary form a prayerful triptych of mingled hope and confidence. Beginning with an impassioned plea for mercy, the opening psalm—the fourth of

the psalter—gradually assumes a note of lively hope. It was written by King David on an occasion when all but a few of his followers had deserted him, and his own son Absalom threatened to take his life.

The ninetieth psalm—the longest of the group—was composed to commemorate a remarkable deliverance from some great peril. It is filled with expressions of boundless confidence in God, and has been judged by not a few well known exegetes to be the most beautiful psalm in the psalter. Having affirmed her trust in the almighty protection of "the Most High," the soul bursts forth in an exultant song of praise—the 133rd psalm—once an ancient temple ode: "Behold now bless the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord."

The Church's night prayer can be found in many prayerbooks and missals. It is not lengthy, requiring little more than five minutes to pray it devoutly.

After this solemn crescendo of joy and confidence the soul return to a vivid realization of the many dangers that surround her and of her own helplessness. Hence, in the hymn she prays for God's protection during the night:

"Thee before the close of day
Maker of the world, we pray,
Of Thy wonted mercy keep
Watch around us while we sleep.

Evil dreams put Thou to flight,
With all phantoms of the night:
Be our foe by Thee repressed,
Holy then shall be our rest.

Father, what we ask be done
Through Thine ever blessed Son,
With the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Reigning God eternally."

The Chapter, taken from Jeremias, continues in this strain of humble petition: "Thou art with us, O Lord, and Thy Name hath been invoked upon us. Do not forsake us, O Lord, our God." The versicle and responsory, marked by two striking figures of speech, sustain the tone of trustful appeal: "Keep us, O Lord, as the pupil of an eye. Under the shadow of Thy wings protect us." The triple "Kyrie Eleison" and the "Pater Noster" follow.

The oration—significant and beautiful—is the final plea for God's protection, and forms a résumé of all the petitions that have preceded it. "Visit, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this dwelling, and drive far from it all the snares of the enemy; let Thy holy angels dwell therein to keep us in peace, and may Thy blessing be always upon us." The closing benediction—full of unction and sweetness—calls down the mantle of divine solicitude. "May the omnipotent and merciful Lord, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, bless and protect us. Amen."

Would it not be a grand thing, in view especially of the great Liturgical Movement, if at the close of the day, with all its toils and distractions, our Catholic laity would join in this wonderful evening prayer of the Mystical Body of Christ? Its inspired character and its official use by the Church should be sufficient in themselves to urge us to pray it, and to draw from it some of that true Christian spirit. Then, too, let us not forget that when we pray the prayer of the Church we are not alone; we are praying as members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

In the striking words of Monsignor Fulton Sheen, "The Christian is a part of the whole, a citizen of the kingdom of God, a child in the family of the Trinity, a cell in the organism of the whole Christ, a member of the Mystical Body." If, then, we are to live with the Church, let us *pray* with her.

Moral Disarmament

"All sovereignty over the human personality comes from God and the dethroning of God and His omnipotent authority will neither serve the individual or the state with a lasting good. . . Communism, atheistic socialism and state absolutism and their varied propaganda can easily deteriorate peace attitudes and sentiments so that they will tend to destroy not only the saims of real peace, but also the very principles which can promote human welfare and which are derived from the adequate recognition of individual and personal dignity and of all rights under God."—*Msgr. J. M. Wolfe.*

Thy wounds as Thomas I do not see;
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be,

Spring Training

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

*Our life is like a game of ball
That's played upon the green,—
The unseen diamond of our soul,
'Gainst adversaries keen.*

*God stands within the pitcher's box;
Old Nick takes up his mask.
Our WILL, the batter, at the plate
Warms up for his lone task.*

*Our vices, ever in the field
And on the bases all,
Are eager, bent to score a point
Each time they catch the ball.*

*God twirls the little ball of time,
The batter swings—the mitt
Of the left fielder hugs the ball,
And PRIDE has scored a hit.*

* * * * *

*When life's last inning tense is played
And home plate beckons wide—
The Golden Gates—I'll smite the "pill"
Then—bite the dust and SLIDE.*

Repentance---An Easter Story

Clare Hampton

"**B**AH! I'm quittin'!" cried one of five men sitting at a card table. He threw his hand down in disgust.

"Huh, when you lose you want to quit! Give us a chance to win some of that money back that you won last week!" grumbled Spike.

"Shut up, you guys!" cried the chief, looking at his watch. "Wonder where Mick is so long? He should have been here long ago." The rest of the men threw down their cards; one lit a cigarette; another poured himself a drink; a third took up a newspaper and settled himself in a wing chair, his legs slung over the arm; the fourth took up a station behind the window curtains and watched the street. The chief took a folded paper from his pocket and studied some kind of pencil diagram.

Meanwhile, the man named Mick emerged from the First National Bank and loitered at its entrance to light a cigarette and reconnoiter. Nonchalantly he walked a few steps to the left, stopping before a florist's shop, where a display of lilies, hyacinths and Easter bunnies seemingly attracted his attention; in reality, he saw nothing of the display. He was watching for the armored truck which was to bring many sacks of money from various points in the city—from stores, theaters, from the Federal Reserve Bank. His business was to get data as to its movements, man power, etc.

Across the street from the First National stood St. John's Church, nearly a century old, blackened, weather-stained, but still as solid as on the day it was completed, for in those days, men built well. Even as Mick stared unseeingly, at the ferns and lilies, the patter of many feet attracted his attention and he turned to find crowds of people pouring out of the three church doors, while a line of little boys, dressed in blue serge suits, with prayer books and white buttonhole flowers, followed by little girls in white with veils, streamed down the blackened stone steps. The sight affected Mick oddly; he wondered what the procession meant, and then, suddenly remembering the date on the large calendar in the bank, and the bunnies and Easter

lilies in the florist shop, he put two and two together—of course! It was Holy Thursday, and those happy children were First Communicants.

A sudden sense of nostalgia and self-improvement struck his heart; it was a long time since he had known or cared about church holidays, and he could hardly believe that far back in those dim years in the little town of Valley Park, he, too, had once walked in such a procession. Puffing very hard on his cigarette, he deliberately turned his back on the scene and gazed once more at the floral display; the proprietor was adjusting a white, glittering cross behind the pots of lilies, and arranging purple ribbon streamers from the large bow at the foot of the cross, to the various pot plants.

That seemed to hurt too, so he turned back to the procession, and now he saw four nuns descending the stairs—something familiar about their habits and bonnets—surely! They were Notre Dame Sisters, such as taught him in the little country school at Valley Park; and wasn't that—it couldn't be! Yes, it was! Sister Irene's face, though twenty years older—his old teacher! Savagely he threw down his cigarette and ground it out with his heel; going soft, was he? Well, that would have to be stopped at once; there was work to be done—and grim work, too. Turning, he deliberately faced left and walked a few steps; would that armored truck never come? Ah! There it was, just turning the corner; now to size it up. Walking toward the corner, he took out another cigarette and lit it, half turning his back, with as much nonchalance as he could assume, while still watching the action of the armed men who were just taking out bags of specie and packages of currency from the truck, while two special detail men stood beside, with sawed-off shot-guns in their hands, ready for action.

Having noted all these details out of the corner of his eye, and looked again at the time, he sauntered off in the direction of his car in the next block. The chief had ordered him to report at once, but strangely enough, he had not the slightest inclination to hurry back and help

the chief complete his plans, for all knew his brains were the sharpest of the lot, and Morley often took his advice in their plots. Instead, he began riding aimlessly around town; in his stomach was a queer, sick feeling—and Sister Irene had caused it.

At last, his mind having gone round in the same circle at least seventy-five times, he ground his foot on the accelerator and rapped out an oath. "I must be gettin' crazy or somethin'", he declared, turning the car in the direction of the hotel on Olive Street where his associates waited. Once and for all he must get this nonsense out of his head, he told himself, and then tried to busy his mind on the details of the next "job" the boys were expecting to "pull off," while still carefully watching traffic signals, and winding between trucks and other vehicles with as much speed as he dared.

Up on the fifth floor of the hotel, Morley and "the boys" were in a ferment because of Mick's non-appearance.

"Think he got in a jam of some kind? Mebbe some cop recognized him hangin' around the bank?" suggested Skeet Wilson, stretching himself and rising from the wing chair amid a welter of scattered newspapers.

"More likely he's been pinched for speeding," put in "Percy" Williams, a great, hulking fellow, who sat beside the dresser applying nail polish to his carefully manicured fingernails.

"Naw!" growled Morley, watching him with disapproval. "He would have phoned if he was in a pinch."

"Here he comes now!" announced Spike from his station by the window. And so indeed it was; the black, flashing car stopped and Mr. Michael O'Brien, or Mick, as his associates called him, stepped out. A few moments later he was explaining his delay to Morley.

"One of the bulls saw me and followed me; I had to ride around awhile to shake him." Morley nodded his head, satisfied, then demanded he details of Mick's reconnoitering trip. The chief spread out his diagram and added to it various data, while the others surrounded the table and received their instructions. But Mick stood far behind and hardly seemed interested. The chief noticed it.

"Well Mick, what do you say? Got any suggestions to make?" At any other time, Michael would have felt exalted by such deference, but

today it did not move him. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I dunno, chief; that street's too lively. I think it would be better to lay for 'em at some theater or chain store."

"Whatsa matter? Not turning yellow, are you? That's just the beauty of it; no one would expect anything to happen on such a busy corner." Mick walked around the room, head down, his hands in his pockets; he was trying to pretend he was as hard as ever.

"Well, you know what you're supposed to do, now, don't you? You ain't scared, are you?" asked Morley of him, mockingly.

"Naw, I ain't scared; was I ever a fraid-cat?"

"Then what's eatin' you?"

"Aw, I just don't feel good, that's all."

"Better get yourself some Spring medicine, Mick." The men settled down again to their various idle attitudes; nothing to do but wait until tomorrow. Mick went to his wardrobe trunk and opened it, thinking to change to his lighter suit, as the day was waxing warm. Suddenly something fell to the floor.

"Well, where in tarnation did that come from?" he asked aloud. Five pairs of feet immediately came close to see.

"What is it?" they asked, curiously. But Michael snatched it up from the floor and thrust it into his pocket, glaring at them.

"What's it to ye?" he rasped, and they all fell back, cowed. Later, when everyone was intent on his own occupation, he drew it out again and hitched his chair around toward the window, away from their eyes. It was an old and worn scapular—the same one he had received on his First Communion Day, and had worn until—ah yes, UNTIL! But how it came to be in his trunk, he could not figure out. "I know!" he soliloquized. "Mom slipped it in the last time I was home on a visit; that was six months ago. Queer how I never came across it until today."

His first impulse was to throw it into the waste-basket, but on second thought, he decided not to; the same nostalgia came over him again. He saw, not the scapular, but the little village church on that memorable day, which Sister Irene told them should always stand out as the greatest and happiest day of their lives. His very thoughts came back to

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The Editor's Page

THE LAST W



OMEONE has said very aptly that a person has to think a lot and care a lot about religion to be a heretic. We do not, of course, advocate heresy; we can only say that heresy is better than total indifference, for it is better to believe in God and worship Him even wrongly than to leave Him entirely out of the scheme of things. It is better to see God with a distorted vision than to refuse absolutely to look in His direction.

On February 24 President Roosevelt made a radio address on the occasion of "Brotherhood Day," sponsored by the National Conference of Jews and Christians. (Those who have had the courage and persistence to read these pages faithfully each month may recall that we took a most unfavorable notice of this same movement under the caption, "Getting Chummy with Belial." *THE GRAIL*, June, 1934.) Immediately on publication of the President's speech, a prominent layman sent us a copy with a personal letter, part of which was as follows: "See the enclosed. Here is the big 'pater familias' of the White House preaching to the National Conference of Jews and Christians his (Masonic) doctrine of the 'good neighbor.' We know what the doctrine has done to Mexico, and 'pater familias' wants it tried out here: the 'religion,' in other words, of the (Masonic) least common denominator. 'Pater familias' wants to

see 'good neighbor' groups organized all over the land. That means only one thing: orders have gone forth, and the Masonic terror is upon us here in this country! 'Union' on the basis of the (Masonic) doctrinal least common denominator will be forced on Catholics."

We are inclined to disagree with the writer on only one point: the motives of President Roosevelt; we cannot believe Mr. Roosevelt consciously spoke for Masonry. But there can be no doubt that, though actuated by the best of motives, he did voice the modern Masonic doctrine of the "good neighbor" and did preach the Masonic religion of the least common denominator.

If our correspondent coined that phrase, "the religion of the least common denominator," he deserves a medal. How well it describes the American religion of today! For, delving into our arithmetic, we found that the l. c. d. is the least number that is exactly divisible by all of certain numbers. How does this term apply to American religions and heresies and all that?

Looking back fifty to a hundred years, we see that people then quite generally believed in God, in revelation, in virtue and its reward, sin and its punishment; they were pretty earnest in their membership within a visible church, and rather clear and quite fierce—often fanatically so—in upholding points of teaching and belief to which they subscribed. In

T WHITTling

many things they were all correct; they believed and worshiped according to good general principles: God exists, prayer is good and efficacious, sin is bad, virtue is good.

In some things—often many things—they were wrong, particularly as regards the Church which Christ founded, the Sacraments, and the visible Head of the Church, the Pope. On these and other points, then, they were heretics, though often only material heretics: that is, they were wrong because they had no means of knowing better.

But the darkness of error, if persisted in, has a way of constantly growing darker. The vision of the true God and of eternal life grew dimmer. The concupiscence of the eyes and of the flesh and the pride of life, always actively operating in man, have displaced the religious sense. New gods have come to be worshiped and literally adored. Men now pay homage to money, power, honors. There are no more heresies or differences in religion outside the true Church, because there is but little religion left to differ about. Men used to fight vigorously over points of doctrine; now such a thing is unthinkable. For these millions religion has gradually become such a vague mass of generalities that it were senseless to argue about differences. They don't even believe in God; how could they wrangle about His revelation?

Why, then, those temples of worship? The answer in many cases is—

respectability. It is the respectable thing to go to church. It is nice. It is decent. But one should not be bothered into a set belief; one's "liberty" must be preserved in this above all. Doctrine and moral laws must be broad and elastic enough to suit any kind of state of mind and any manner of life. So they have whittled and whittled away at religion till now they have a nice, smooth peg that will comfortably fit anywhere. They have achieved the answer to the school-boy problem of the least common denominator—one to which all may conveniently and easily subscribe: "The Brotherhood of Man." It is a fine, sonorous, decent, respectable thing this Brotherhood of Man. One doesn't know what they mean by it either in theory or in practice. We still see on week days that they hate and cheat and starve and kill each other. But on Sundays and on "Brotherhood Days" they put on their subdued garb and reverent mien, and mouth together meaningless platitudes, pose before camera and microphone, and revel in glorious respectability.

Catholics, big and small, how can you subscribe to such hypocrisy? How can you lower your sacred religion to the level of such drivel? Jesus has taught the true brotherhood of man, true charity in theory and practice. We must exercise it indeed. But He also taught true and unyielding doctrine and morals, from which not one jot or tittle may be cut in ever so fine a cause!

Marriage is Fifty-Fifty

Constance Edgerton

KATHERINE and Mary Lee Vinton stood beside their mother's grave in St. Teresa's Cemetery, surrounded by friends, for all who knew Ann Vinton loved her. As Ann Lee, daughter of an emigrant farmer, she had grown up here; as Vincent Vinton's wife, she had rounded out the beautiful life that began the day she was born.

No matter what Father Crane said in his sermon, he was only telling them what they knew, and all felt sorry for Katherine and Mary Lee, clinging to each other. The other four girls, Jean, Martha, Julia, and Virginia were missionary Sisters in China, and no one ever thanked God more for calling her children than Ann Vinton had.

Mary Lee was two months old when her father died. The farm was a poor place. Ann raised turkeys and tapped the maple trees. Soon Katherine and Jean were boarding at the convent school in town, and before Ann realized it Katherine was through high school—at sixteen—and teaching the little school a mile from the farm.

Jean and Martha were graduated from normal, taught a year in town, driving back and forth, and joined a teaching order. Katherine longed to go to college, buried her dream, and continued to teach the district school. They came into an easier, better way of living. Julia and Virginia entered the community that had claimed their sisters. All four were in China. Only Katherine and Mary Lee were with Ann.

All through the years Katherine had lived at home and taught the little school which was handy as the proverbial pocket in a shirt, and the salary was good. When Mary Lee finished high school, she enrolled in St. Xavier's and was graduated but two weeks when her mother died.

Clinging to each other, Ann's eldest and youngest stood in the little cemetery. Katherine knew, even as she heard Father Crane praying, her life would be changed. Strange to be planning life in the presence of death!

Mary Lee would leave the farm. With her ability she should be in Chicago where a girl like her could carve a name for herself. . . .

That evening Mary Lee said: "I can get work on the *Telegraph*. I did some pinch-hitting for a reporter—Betty Kirk who spent her freshman vacation here—and I know my way around Chciago. The city editor told me to come any time."

"You are sure it is what you want?"

"Yes."

"Then we will move to Chicago."

Their apartment was on 47th street, next door to St. Ambrose Church, and Katherine attended Mass every morning on her way to the office. Mary Lee's hours were irregular. She slept mornings but slipped into church afternoons for a visit, and to tell the Sacred Heart about the book she meant to write.

She had a half-column, "Seen in the Shops" and a Chat for Women, then she streaked here and there for the city editor—to Mercy or Michael Reese Hospital to get all the facts about the women who had been shot—and it was always the nice, innocent women who were shot, Mary Lee discovered. Generally they were in the wrong place—sweeping the front steps when the bandit car dashed by, or in the meat market selecting a steak for supper when the robbery occurred.

She still remained starry-eyed in spite of the hours spent in the madhouse that passed for the city room, and began her book evenings. She wrote while Katherine did the housework. She meant to dedicate the book to Kate, the world's best sister, and she wondered if Kate missed the farm, the little community where she had been a queen. Working in an office—after you taught as long as Kate had—was no picnic.

The city editor saw Mary Lee's worth. She gave up her half-column, "Seen in the Shops," to cover fires, riots, and accident. She waded knee deep in water, visited morgues, and when zero winds came off the lake chilling her

through and through, she never forgot she was a reporter until—she met Jack Layden.

It was in St. Ambrose Hall and Katherine coaxed her to go. Leave the book this one night. Jack was star of the play—an actor out of work when Mary Lee met him, wrote him up, and went to lunch with him.

She did not want to fall in love and Katherine did not approve of Jack. Her inward comment was: "Too handsome, loves himself, and bone-idle," but when Mary Lee said: "I love him, Kate. He wants to marry me," Katherine made the best of it. Called on his mother who lived in St. Gabriel's parish, hastened the wedding, which was in St. Ambrose. Mary Lee looked like an angel in her bridal veil. Katherine's heart was leaden.

"I will work until Jack gets a job, Kate," Mary Lee said. "I can't quit now—not until Jack has a job."

Mary Lee made the coffee—not singing joyously to be making Jack's coffee, and yet not with a martyred air. She made it hurriedly and a little inefficiently because she had never learned to cook efficiently. She was praying her knees would not wobble and her hands would not shake when Jack came to breakfast. She did not want to worry Jack. He worried himself sick over the least thing that happened to her, and if she told him about the ceiling dancing, the shaky knees and hands, he would probably worry so he could not concentrate on a job.

Jack dashed in, kissed her, held her chair and said: "You are beautiful, my beautiful."

She was tiring of this talk and thirstily drank her orange juice, wondering what the day would bring forth. Jack could have had a mediocre part in "Sweet Ilusions," but nothing brought a good actor down more than a small part. He was paid for waiting, for now Donn Burlington had walked out of "Dreams" and Jack had been offered the part.

"It will mean a new dress suit, beautiful," he said.

"And the rent is due tomorrow," said Mary Lee.

He was pleasantly surprised that it was not over-due. He was no good at remembering dates. The job was on his mind. "What a break for me," he said.

Mary Lee knew it was a break to step right into a part without weeks and weeks of rehearsing. "I will give you a check for the suit," she said, "and you won't be high-hat about salary, will you?"

He had been high-hat about salary in the eight months they were married and other actors got the parts. "No, I won't be high, hat, beautiful. I am going to work today."

She pulled her hat down over her curls—and her hands shook!—slipped into her coat, ran for the bus, and squirmed herself into a seat, her heart thumping: *Jack has a job!*

The Sunday Supplement editor was waiting for her; sent her to the Morrison to interview Nadine Rayburn, the wool magnate, who came from somewhere in the sagebrush country.

She told Mary Lee all about sheep and wool. Mary Lee asked: "What started you in wool in the beginning?"

"A one-sided marriage," said Nadine along with the story which Mary Lee had to listen to. To make it look like she was interested she took notes on marriage. It was all nonsense, of course. Her knees wobbled, her hands shook, and the ceiling danced. Finally she rose, murmured something polite, and escaped.

She met Katherine for lunch. They had tea and toast. Mary Lee's hand shook so she spilled the tea. She apologized: "I am tired, Kate."

"Go home and rest," said Katherine, wondering how any one could rest when they had to listen to Jack tell what an actor he was.

"Jack went to work today," said Mary Lee. "Marriage should be fifty-fifty, shouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Katherine, "except, of course, when it isn't."

Mary Lee saw no sense to that. It was like Nadine Rayburn's talk. She had said her husband thought he was a poet and spent all his

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A Happy and Blessed Easter



to all our readers

From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.



Liquid meat with full nutritional value is expected to be made commercially soon.

Ice cream ranks among the highest as a heat-producing food.

The people of the United States annually spend about \$10,000,000,000 on amusements.

A new U. S. Army tank is capable of going 60 miles an hour on rough ground.

Eighty-five per cent of the farms in this country are without electricity of any kind.

Life expectancy tables of a large life insurance company show that people living in rural districts have a longer life than city dwellers—five years in the case of males and four years in the case of females.



Actual tests show that children take longer naps on rainy days than on clear days, the boys out-doing the girls.

At the present rate of increase in traffic accidents, one out of every three children born in the United States is destined to be killed or seriously injured.

According to one scientist's estimate, the world's coal supply will last 6,000 years at the present rate of consumption.

As a result of the coming zenith in the 11½ year sun spot cycle, great interference in radio reception is predicted.

The black widow spider—the most poisonous living thing in America—may be eradicated by sweeping and whitewashing cobwebbed buildings and by burning all trash.



In one year ending June 30, 1935, Americans drank 11⅓ billion gallons of beer, 65½ million gallons of liquors, and 25 million gallons of wine.

There is somewhat over five and a half billions of dollars in circulation in the United States.

Tests show that man's sense of hearing is as good as that of animals, and is better in some ranges.

Tears from onions are caused by a volatile oil. It will take ten tons of onions to produce but a single pint of the oil; still one drop would leave an odor throughout the tallest of skyscrapers.

The number of cigars annually smoked in this country varies between five and ten billion.

It takes the average auto driver half a second to act in an emergency.

North America, with about one-thirteenth of the world's population, uses about one-half the world's annual consumption of wood.

The age of a rattlesnake cannot be determined by counting the number of rattles.

Steel cartridges filled with air compressed to as much as 15,000 pounds to the square inch are being tried in coal mines in the place of dynamite. The air method does away with the fumes and localizes the blast.



There are some 114,000 blind persons in this country.

It takes about 250,000,000,000 honey bees in some 4,000,000 hives or colonies to produce our annual 150,000,000 pounds of honey.

The peach originated in China.

Certain butterflies in northeastern Siberia are frozen and inactive about ten months of the year; they revive in midsummer.

There are over 60 species of mosquito in this country.

A new type of glass block can be used for building purposes in the place of brick. Besides being capable of withstanding pressures of 72,500 pounds, these blocks reduce heat flow, deaden sound, transmit and diffuse light, and deflect sun glare.



Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

Can a Mass be said for a deceased Protestant? Is it against the laws of the Church to have the Protestant's name read when the prayers are offered at Mass?

Yes, Mass may be offered for Protestants whether deceased or living. Whether or not the name should be read depends upon the meaning of the second question. If a Requiem Mass is offered for a deceased Protestant, his name may be mentioned in the prayer of the Mass itself. (The name will be read in Latin in the prayer known as the collect or oration.) But if your question refers to the announcement of the name from the pulpit among those for whom Masses will be offered during the coming week or for whom the congregation will pray publicly, then, as a general rule, the names of Protestants are not mentioned, especially if this would give offense to those present. It is the pastor's right to decide if for some good reason an exception is to be made to this rule. Hence, whenever a Mass is requested for a non-Catholic the priest should be informed of this circumstance. No offense, however, should be taken if for good reasons the non-Catholic's name is not mentioned publicly. The Mass itself is after all the greatest benefit for the deceased and consolation for those still surviving, and the Church does not refuse this great benefit and consolation.

Why is the Feast of the Purification of February 2nd also Candlemas Day? What connection has the blessing of candles with the Feast of the Purification?

The Feast of the Purification commemorates not only the legal purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary forty days after the birth of Christ, but also the presentation of the Child Jesus in the temple. On this occasion Christ was called by Simeon "the Light for the revelation of the Gentiles." Christ the Divine Light is symbolized by the candle; His entry into the temple in the arms of Mary and Joseph is commemorated by the procession with lighted candles. The rite of blessing the candles expresses this symbolism of the Divine Light; while the candles are being distributed in preparation for the procession the choir chants several times the prophetic words of Simeon: "The Light for the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel."

Can it be proved from the Bible that man has a soul? I have heard the statement made that the Bible nowhere states that man has a soul.

In the very first book of Holy Scripture we read these words: "And the Lord God . . . breathed into his (man's) face the breath of life and he became a living soul." (Gen. 2:7) Even in the very first chapter of the Bible we find this passage: "God created man to His own image." (Gen. 1:27) How could man be called an image of God unless he possesses a spiritual principle or soul which makes him like unto God, Who is a pure Spirit? The human body cannot be an image of God, for God has no material body. It is only the human soul, gifted with intelligence, free will, and immortality, which makes man the image of God. Although the Bible may not state in just so many words that man has an immortal soul (and there are many other truths which are not categorically defined in Holy Scripture), yet who can reasonably deny that this doctrine is the one of the clearest and most fundamental teachings of Holy Scripture, which is implied in every page, and without which the divine message would be an unintelligible mass of words?

Can a man belong to the Socialist party and at the same time be a faithful Catholic?

Pope Pius XI has answered this question point-blank: "No one can at the same time be a sincere Catholic and

a true Socialist." He makes no concessions. A true Socialist advocates a doctrine which is based on principles fundamentally opposed to Catholic teaching, even though the economic measures he holds are very mild and moderate. As a matter of fact the economic measures advocated by some socialist groups are not far removed from the Catholic viewpoint. But this does not change the fundamental principles of Socialism. If a man holds these principles he cannot be a sincere Catholic; if he does not, he has no business in the Socialist party. A sincere Catholic desirous of social reform, as every Catholic should be, must fight under the banner of the Catholic Church, the greatest champion of true social justice, and not desert to the enemy's camp.

Is it true that we can gain a plenary indulgence each time we make the Way of the Cross? Are any special prayers necessary to gain this indulgence?

Yes, a plenary indulgence can be gained each time you make the Way of the Cross. For this no special prayers are prescribed; all that is necessary is to meditate for some moments on the Passion of our Lord at each of the fourteen stations. On any day that you receive Holy Communion two plenary indulgences can be gained by making the Way of the Cross once. To avoid any misunderstanding the statement should be carefully observed: a plenary indulgence can be gained. The Church does not say that a plenary indulgence is gained every time one makes the Way of the Cross. Whether or not a plenary indulgence is actually gained depends upon the dispositions of the one who performs the devotion.

Where in the Bible is it stated that Sunday should be observed as the Lords' Day instead of Saturday, the Sabbath Day which God Himself commanded to be kept holy? Are the Seventh Day Adventists right on this point?

As true-blue Protestants the Seventh Day Adventists are at least logical on this point. Protestants profess to be guided by the Bible only. But in the whole Bible there is not one text which directly commands or permits the Sabbath observance to be transferred to Sunday. It is impossible to justify the change on the "Bible only" theory. The only possible explanation is to be found in the divine authority of the living Church which Christ empowered to teach and interpret His teachings in His own name. Before the Bible was completely written the Church was already observing Sunday as the Lord's Day (see Acts 20:7 and I Cor. 16:2), just as the living Church was teaching and interpreting Christ's doctrines long before the New Testament was completed. But why the change from Saturday to Sunday? At the coming of Christ the Old Law with its ceremonial observances, including the Sabbath or ceremonial day, was abrogated. That Christ actually empowered the Church to abrogate the Old Law officially can be shown by the Bible itself, especially in the vision of St. Peter (Acts 10), and the Council of Jerusalem (Acts 15), which declared the Old Law no longer binding on Christians. In place of the Sabbath the living Church by divine authority substituted Sunday, the day of Christ's Resurrection which completed and sealed His work of Redemption. Are then the Seventh Day Adventists right in their contention that the Lord's Day should still be observed on Saturday? No. Their conclusion might be logical, but the principle from which it is drawn is false. The Bible is not the only source of Christian teaching; the Bible and tradition, both interpreted by the divine authority of the living Church, form the source of Christian doctrine.

Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

—The past winter has surely been a record breaker for severe cold and duration of the cold season. The winter was a real old-timer with plenty of snow and sub-zero weather. It compared favorably with the winters of childhood's recollection experienced again.

—On February 16th the senior division of the St. Gregory Chancel Choir together with "Four Tones" went to Rockport to sing at a meeting of the American Legion and Auxiliary. It was an enjoyable trip and the singers were well received.

—Brothers Joseph Gruenewald, Hyacinth Kiesel, and Bartholomew Enright made their perpetual profession on the feast of St. Scholastica, February 10th. The first-named was born in Germany, the second, at Evansville, while the third hails from County Kerry in Ireland.

—February 17th brought us the sad news of the passing of the Rev. James J. Pfeiffer, who was ordained from our seminary with the class of 1877. The deceased, who had long been pastor at St. Wendel, Indiana, was in his 84th year. At the funeral, which occurred at St. Wendel three days after his death, Father Abbot represented the Abbey.

—While there was considerable sickness in our part of the state during the winter, we had only a few isolated cases of scarlet fever in the seminary. None of the patients were seriously ill at any time.

—Father Bede Maler, O. S. B., our senior priest, who is in his eighty-eighth year, has been quite weak of late. On March 6th it was thought advisable to administer the sacrament of extreme unction. While he is now somewhat stronger again, he is not able to get around.

—Brother Benedict, who has been bed-ridden for some months, still hangs onto life by a slender thread. From a human viewpoint the end can not be far distant. He is calmly and peacefully awaiting the moment of dissolution.

—Because of a very serious infection of the eyes, Father Albert Kleber found it necessary to go to the hospital at Evansville to place himself under the care of a specialist.

—Father Chrysostom Coons, O. S. B., pastor at Ferdinand, who was threatened with the loss of sight, likewise because of an infection in the eyes, is at Cincinnati receiving treatment from a specialist.

—Three priests of the community are temporarily absent, substituting for pastors. Father Simon Barber is at Sacred Heart Church, Sterling, Illinois; Father Eugene Spiess is relieving Father Edward Hilger (class of '09) at Cannelton, Indiana; Father Charles Dudine, who spent several weeks at Ridgway, Illinois, is now holding forth at Holy Cross, Iowa, not far from Dubuque, during the convalescence of Father Augustine Bomholt, who is recuperating from the effects of an operation. Father Bomholt was ordained from St. Meinrad's Seminary with the class of '03, nearly thirty-three years ago.

—Father Odilo Witt, a priest of our community, passed from time to eternity on Tuesday morning, February 18th at about 6:30 o'clock. At the funeral, which was held three days later, Father Abbot was celebrant of the Pontifical Mass of Requiem. The ceremonies at the cemetery were conducted by Father Prior Benedict. Three brothers of our deceased confrere were present at the obsequies: Mr. Charles Witt and wife, of University City, Missouri; Mr. Frank Witt, of East St. Louis, Illinois; Mr. John Witt and two daughters, of Belleville, Illinois. Sister Odilia, of the Notre Dame Sisters, an only sister of the deceased, who teaches at St. Louis, was unable to be present.

By an unusual coincidence Father Odilo died on his birthday, for he was born February 18, 1874, at Diersburg in Baden, Germany. When he was a small boy the family emigrated to the land of opportunity and settled at Belleville, Illinois, where the youth Joseph attended the primary schools. Then, in 1887, the year of the disastrous fire that destroyed our Abbey and seminary, he came to St. Meinrad to take up his studies in preparation for the priesthood. Having determined to cast his lot with the monks at St. Meinrad, Joseph was clad with the habit of St. Benedict on August 10, 1892, and entered upon his novitiate. A year later, on August 27th, he made his simple, perpetual vows as Frater Odilo, the name by which he was henceforward known. After two years spent in the study of philosophy and three further years that were devoted to theology, he was ordained to the priesthood June 4, 1898. While Father Odilo had taught several branches in the college as a cleric, he was now appointed professor of Latin and English. From 1908 to 1912 he was pastor of the parish at St. Meinrad. He was next sent to Jasper to teach in Jasper College, an institution that was transferred several years ago to Aurora, Illinois. In 1920, when the parish at Ferdinand became vacant by the death of Father John Schorno, O. S. B., Father Odilo was given the pastorate at that place. There he labored for fifteen years until continued poor health forced him to retire to the Abbey, where he spent the remainder of his days among his brethren in preparation for the final summons, which came rather suddenly, although not unexpectedly. While he was not confined to his bed, Father Odilo knew that his condition was serious. Accordingly, the last sacraments were administered on Sunday, February 16th. A few hours before death overtook him, he had been walking about. Having lain down again and fallen asleep later on, he was to awake no more in this life. A final breath was the only indication of his passing from natural sleep to the sleep that knows no awakening this side of the grave.—Although Father Odilo had been in delicate health for many years, the immediate cause of death seems to have been a weak heart and congestion in the right lung.

The body of the deceased was embalmed and on the following day was taken to Ferdinand, where it lay in

state in the church for a day and a night. There on the morning of the 20th a Solemn Requiem was celebrated by Father Mark Meyer, O. S. B., a classmate. The body was then brought back to St. Meinrad to be placed in the Abbey Church until the funeral the next morning.

Among those present from beyond the enclosure were the Rt. Rev. Frederic Ketter, pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Evansville, a classmate, also the Rt. Rev. Abbot Columban Thuis, of St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana, who had the day previously attended the funeral of Father Pfeiffer.

Eternal rest grant them, O Lord!

FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE

(Continued from page 355)

our Community through the Junior Brother department. Herein we are offering to deserving lads that can come to us with sufficient recommendations the opportunity of a life similar to that of the early Christians. Here they learn to pray and work, but not for money. They learn to live for God. When they are far enough along they will daily recite the Office to become imbued with the thoughts of God and the mind of the Church. Daily they go to Mass and Holy Communion. And do they work? I wish you could see them. Even now they are learning to do worthwhile things whereby they can become useful members in God's House, their Abbey Home.

One class of ten is busily learning book-binding under a capable instructor who has spent almost a lifetime in the craft. This class will bind books for our big library, and also books to be used in choir service. A class of four is taking lessons in interior decorating. An experienced decorator from far off Austria is showing them how to turn colors to good account. Eventually they should embellish the Abbey interior. Another class of five will be builders. These are learning how to trim stone. A skilled local artisan who trimmed the ornamental pieces high up on our beautiful Major Seminary, is teaching these lads how it was done, is done, and should be done. A Commercial Class has already made great progress in typing and now they are studying shorthand. A most interesting progress has been noticed in the mechanical drawing class.

By and by we hope to have all kinds of trades and useful occupations taught and exercised in this flourishing department. There should be carpenters, woodcarvers, mechanics, electricians, bakers, cooks, and so forth. I forgot to mention that one eager Junior Brother has selected to learn poultry raising. He already has a good start. It is real fun working in a poultry department like that which we have in our Abbey Dell. Last year our enterprising Brother in charge delivered to the Abbey

kitchen 76,156 fresh eggs, besides many pounds of springers.

Now just look where we have come to: From liturgy to chickens. Well, such is life; it is full of wide variety. Happy the person who knows how to turn all this variety into a life that will be like a sweet hymn of praise sung to his Creator. That in all things God may be glorified. That is another Benedictine motto, found in the Holy Rule itself. God bless you.

Yours most cordially

Signatus Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot.

Glory?

(Continued from page 358)

I paused for breath, but, when I saw the Cynic spit out an unexpectedly obtained mouthful of oil, I hurried on before he could renew his verbal attack.

"The Gloria," I said, "is a prayer of praise, thanksgiving and petition; all of which are acts of adoration contributing to the honor and glory of God. In fact, the Gloria is the realization of the Kyrie petition. It is a continuation of the Kyrie in praise of the Divine Trinity. That is one reason why the priest makes the sign of the cross at the closing words. The sign of the cross is a symbolical representation of the Trinity and is a sign of the adoration we pay to the Trinity to whom the Gloria is addressed.

"But what about the meaning of the Gloria? The angels first sang the Gloria in order to announce the beginnings of our Redemption. The Incarnation brought man back into harmony with the Divine plan of creation. Sin had thrown discord into creation's melody of praise to the Creator. Now Christ's birth at Bethlehem again reconciled heaven and earth and loosed angelic tongues to acquaint man with this fact.

"The first words of the hymn give us the theme of the whole song: Glory to God and peace to men. The Mass is the perfect fulfillment of this angelic wish to fallen man. What better way can you find to give glory to God and to bring true peace of mind and heart to men of good will?

(Turn to page 379)

The Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

The First Tabernacles

In the quiet of the night they carry Him—the sad little procession—Joseph, and Nicodemus, and Mary and John, and Magdalen, and Salome, and Cleophas' Mary; sorrowful, weary, half dead themselves with grief, their exhausted limbs all but refusing to carry them. The eerie moon, a thin, hair-line sliver, sinks away in her last quarter, horror-struck by the awful spectacle—a God done to death by the creatures He had made and come down to save from their own foolishness. The garden is dark, and the fitful flash of the torch casts their shadows in grotesque shapes behind them. Only the Magdalen's sobs break the supreme stillness—she who loved Him so much. His mother, more dead than alive, pale as a wraith, walks, supported by John—who inherited Heaven's fabulous wealth—its very own Queen.

The door of the tomb is low—they must stoop to enter the room chiselled out of the living rock. The coffin is ready; it, too, is chiselled out of a solid block of stone. Joseph of Arimathea had thought to have it in readiness against the day when he should be called to his Maker; little did he think, however, that in a short while it would become the tabernacle of the Most High! For that, actually, is what the humble coffin became, when the sacred Body of the Lamb, born of a humble Virgin, was tenderly lowered into it.

Mother Mary was really the first tabernacle; but she was taken off to Heaven, and so we have only the Crib and the Sepulchre left to us as actual places touched by Our Lord's Body during His life. Of course, there were many such places, did we but know where they all are; but though it is wonderful to see all these places, yet we do not need them, for we have the risen Christ in our churches, and we may go visit Him at any time of day we wish and stay as long as we like.

Many pilgrims travel far distances to be present in the Holy Land during the Easter holidays, to see only inanimate objects associated with the life of Christ; yet we scarcely appreciate the fact that He is present in our churches as truly as He ever was in the Holy Land. Let us atone to Him for this, our neglect!



Garden Time

The care of the lawn usually comes first, before the rest of the garden is arranged. The old idea that the lawn must be torn up and rebuilt every few years has been discarded. Annual feeding of the lawn, together with proper care and cutting, makes possible a vigorous growth year in and year out. The old, dried growth is first raked off, the bare spots dug up, and seed sowed. If there is not much rain, it should be watered from time to time, but usually the Spring rains take care of it adequately. After the new blades have become two or three inches long, a balanced plant food should

be applied, but never when the grass is wet, as it might burn. Regular cutting thereafter will promote a thick, carpet-like growth, and plant food should be applied every six weeks or two months.

Start ordering flower seeds about the first of April, if you send away for them, and by planting time, they will be on hand. Plan the flowers so that as soon as one variety blooms itself out, another is ready to supply color. Gladiolus may be had all summer by beginning planting as soon as frost is out of the ground, then planting several bulbs every two weeks until about the end of May. The last ones will still be blooming in September or October, if the weather remains warm. Rose cuttings may be made now and placed under glass jars; thus, one exceptionally fine bush may be made to supply five or six or

more new bushes without expense, and if all varieties are liked, one or two cuttings of each may be made. It is well to make more than are wanted, however, since some of them fail to take root sometimes.

Prepare also for insect pests as soon as the weather grows warm—first of all the green lice which attack rosebushes. A spray insecticide may be obtained from any drug, hardware store or florist shop, and a little vigilance will mean glorious blooms.

The Wounds of the Lord

During this Lenten season, we ought to think of Our Lord's most holy wounds—in fact, as He told the dear little Servant of God, Sister Mary Martha Chambon, He

desires us to do so; and not only are we to think of them, but honor them, and thank our Saviour daily for having suffered them for us. Nothing gives Him so much pleasure, as to have us thank Him for all He went through for us; He quite naturally wants us to show Him how much we appreciate the redemption which He purchased for us at such great cost to Himself. He is God; He has a right to demand our gratitude, but He wants nothing that is forced. He waits patiently for us to tell Him how much we love Him and thank Him of our own free will; He made us and then gave us free will, either to love Him or hate Him; just as we will. He gives us all the gifts and graces necessary, but He will not force us to take them. But just the same, having a human heart, and a loving heart, He yearns toward us, and suffers intensely when we ignore Him.

So He told little Sister Mary Martha to propagate this devotion to His wounds, because we were forgetting Him, and growing too absorbed in worldly things; He told her that those who practise devotion to His wounds would obtain all they require for themselves and others. He tells us these things, and then sits back and waits for us to come; but do we? Do we thank Him for the wound of the left foot, and of the right foot, and the wound of the right hand and left hand, and the wound of His most holy side, and the wound on His right shoulder, caused by the cruel weight of the cross, and the wounds of His knees, where he fell under this same weight? And do we thank Him for every cut and bruise and blue mark, every blow and buffet He received, every mocking and derisive and insulting epithet which was hurled at Him, and which cut Him to the heart? Ah how sweet it seems to Him, to hear us enumerate each wound, and thank Him separately for each and every single one!

Spare that Frog

Never kill a frog; he is a valuable animal—or is he an animal? Well anyway, he is something that Almighty God made, and he serves a very useful purpose. Frogs are not as numerous as they should be for the good of mankind. In the summer, they devour great numbers of mosquitoes and other annoying insects, to say nothing of flies, worms and snails, many of which are harmful to gardens and farm crops. Birds and snakes are his greatest enemies, and reduce his numbers considerably when he is still a toadling. After he is grown up, he is too large for birds to eat, but all his life he must be wary of snakes.

He sleeps all winter deep underground, but in Spring, comes forth all ready for work—and monstrously hungry. But he is a sportman, for unless his prey is alive and moving, he will not touch it. But when he spots a meal, his swiftly darting tongue hardly ever misses, however swift-moving his dinner might be. When he comes out of the ground, he at once heads for the water, where he and his neighbors take up their polyphony of song, filling Spring and Summer nights with indescribable charm.

The female frog lays about 10,000 eggs every year in warm pools. The eggs are hatched in about four

weeks, and then the comical, clumsy tadpole emerges, legless, mouthless, and with external gills for breathing. Its broad tail is its only means of transportation. But soon the mouth forms, and then it feeds on algae, which float on the surface of the water. In a short time, however, legs begin to form, and the tail disappears; when this happens to the 10,000 eggs of one female frog, and we multiply this by all the frogs engaged in the Spring business of laying eggs, we know why the banks of streams and ponds at this time are literally alive with tiny, hopping toads. But thousands of them never reach maturity, since this is the "early bird's" happy hunting ground, and there are plenty to go around, even to the late comers.

Household Hints

Give the concrete ash-pit a coat of white cement-paint this Spring and see how it improves the looks of the garden.

A tiny screw-driver is a necessity around the kitchen; so often the housewife must tighten the little screw in a door-knob, or her electric iron (but un-plug it first), or the various electric plugs in the lamps and appliances about the house. Have one handy in the kitchen drawer and save a lot of running down-cellar trying to discover where the handy-man left it after the last time he used it.

When sheets begin to thin out in the center, tear them in half and hem; they can be used on cots in the summer, when the heat sends us looking around for a sleeping-place with a breeze.

After boiling beets, pour off the hot water and plunge them for a few moments into cold. The skins may then be slipped off with the fingers.

When sending a parcel of used clothing to the Mission, slip in a couple of small toys, or crayons and a tablet, or a game or book. No one knows how such things are appreciated by the small recipients.

Keep a piece of fine sandpaper on the ironing board, to remove rust spots or burned-on starch from the iron. If you have no sandpaper, salt sprinkled on newspaper will answer the purpose.

Recipes

SWEET POTATO BISCUITS: Mix together $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mashed sweet potato, 4 tablespoons melted butter and $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk. When well blended, add the following ingredients mixed and sifted: $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Toss around on board lightly, then roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness and cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place in greased pan and bake about 15 minutes in hot oven, about 450° F.

BURNT SUGAR PIE: Melt $1\frac{1}{4}$ cup white sugar in iron skillet; when golden brown, remove from fire and add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup boiling water. Replace over fire and simmer until a thick syrup results. Pour this into 2 cups scalded milk, beating well to blend. Then beat in slowly 4 tablespoons melted butter, 2 beaten egg yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and 6 tablespoons flour. Cook in double boiler until thick, add vanilla flavoring, then pour into baked pie shell. Top with meringue.

— *Historical Calendar* —

- April 1—1789—First meeting of congress under the federal constitution.
1914—Civil Government inaugurated in canal zone, with Col. Goethals as governor.
April Fool's Day.
- April 2—1830—Survey made for the laying out of Chicago.
1890—Australian ballot introduced in several American states.
1912—Floods in the Mississippi valley devastated 260 square miles and rendered 30,000 people homeless.
- April 3—1860—First poney express west of the Mississippi established between St. Joseph, Mo., and San Francisco.
1913—The Vaterland, largest vessel in the world, was launched at Hamburg.
- April 4—1704—First newspaper printed in the United States, The Boston News Letter, made its appearance.
1897—Discovery of big gold find in the Yukon was reported.
- April 5—1832—Ratification of treaties of commerce, navigation and boundaries between United States and Mexico.
1910—Railway tunnel through the Andes, linking Chile and Argentina, opened.
- April 6—1909—Discovery of the North Pole by Commander Robert E. Peary.
- April 7—1856—Steamship Adriatic, the largest steamer of the time, was launched at New York.
1888—Canadian Parliament, after two weeks debate, rejected trade reciprocity agreement with the United States.
- April 8—1826—Famous duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph.
1858—System of registering letters introduced in the United States postal service.
- April 9—1795—An act for the encouragement of common schools was passed by the New York legislature.
1865—Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Court House, Va.
- April 10—1800—The Bank of the United States, incorporated for twenty years by Act of Congress, with a capital of \$35,000,000.
1830—Mexico forbade further immigration from the United States.
- April 11—1861—War for the Union begun; Fort Sumter summoned to surrender.
1899—End of the Spanish-American war; treaty with Spain was ratified.
- April 12—1788—The first power loom for cloth manufacturing began to work in Philadelphia.
1913—Ambassador Chindaï of Japan, protested to the state department against the enactment of the proposed anti-alien law.
- April 13—1743—Thomas Jefferson's birthday.
1856—Philadelphia devastated by a tornado; 150 houses unroofed.
1913—King Alfonso narrowly escaped assassination by shooting at Madrid.
- April 14—1865—President Lincoln shot in Washington theatre by Booth, dying the next day.
1914—Atlantic fleet ordered to Tampico following the refusal of Huerta to salute the flag.
- April 15—1912—The White Star liner Titanic foundered in midocean after striking an iceberg; 1503 people drowned.
1916—Panama Canal reopened for traffic after repairing of damage by landslides.
- April 16—1862—President Lincoln signed the bill of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia.
1914—"Gen." Coxey began his second march of the army of the unemployed to Washington from Massillon, O.
- April 17—1610—Hendrick Hudson, discoverer of the Hudson River, sailed on his last voyage.
1904—Great fire at Toronto caused loss of \$10,000,000.
- April 18—1775—Historic ride of Paul Revere to alarm the farmers near Boston.
1906—Earthquake and fire destroyed a large section of San Francisco.
1912—S. S. Carpathia arrived at New York with Titanic survivors.
- April 19—1775—Beginning of the Revolution with the battle of Lexington.
1886—Disastrous floods in Montreal; damage \$5,000,000.
1898—Congress adopted resolutions declaring Cuba independent.
Patriot's Day.
- April 20—1898—President McKinley sent ultimatum to Spain regarding situation in Cuba.
1914—President Wilson asked Congress for authority to use armed forces in Mexico.
- April 21—1760—Cornerstone laid for oldest public school in America, at Germantown, Pa.
1898—Diplomatic relations between United States and Spain were broken off and

- American squadron was dispatched to Cuba.
- April 22—1889—Oklahoma was opened to settlement by president's proclamation.
- 1898—Dewey sailed for Manila; blockade of Cuban ports ordered.
- April 23—1898—President McKinley issued a call for 125,000 volunteers for the Spanish war.
- April 24—1814—British took Washington by surprise, burned public buildings, including the national library and valuable records.
- 1898—Spain declared war against the United States.
- April 25—1507—The name "America" first used in a geography published at St. Die in France, on this date.
- 1898—United States declared war on Spain. Confederate Memorial Day in Ala., Fla., Ga., and Miss.
- April 26—1865—Steamer Sultana burned on the Mississippi, with loss of 2,486 men, mostly soldiers on way home from war.
- 1914—Martial law proclaimed in Vera Cruz. American flag raised over city.
- April 27—1822—U. S. Grant was born.
- 1897—Grant's tomb, on Riverside Drive, New York, dedicated.
- 1898—Admiral Sampson's squadron bombarded Matanzas, Cuba.
- 1915—International Woman's Peace Congress opened at The Hague; fourteen countries represented.
- April 28—1891—First steamer of the Pacific Mail service arrived at Vancouver from Yokohama.
- 1914—Strike riot in Colorado, President Wilson ordered federal troops to the scene.
- April 29—1861—Maryland refused to secede from the Union by vote of 53 to 13.
- 1897—Log of the Mayflower was presented to United States by Great Britain.
- April 30—1789—George Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States.
- 1803—United States bought Louisiana from France for \$15,000,000.
- 1915—Wireless Communication between Washington and Panama Canal was perfected.

Glory?

(Continued from page 375)

"A striking passage occurs in the first part of the Gloria. The priest in the name of all the faithful says, 'We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory.' Isn't that a much-needed reminder for us not to be so selfish all the time

in our prayers? Only love could prompt such a forgetfulness of self. However, when we study the expression, we find that we are included to a very great extent, for God's glory is our salvation. Every external act of God is motivated primarily by His seeking His own greater glory. Whatever He has done and still does for us is done only secondarily for our good. The work of the creation, the Incarnation, the life and death of Christ, the institution of the Holy Eucharist, the descent of the Holy Ghost, all glorify God and are expressions of His glory. That is what we thank Him for; for His own glory which is our glory.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked anxiously as the Cynic rolled from under the car and came towards me with a determined look in his eyes.

"It took me a long time to get the car ready to run," he said, "and I am just wondering how long it is going to take me to stop you."

"If you will drop that wrench, I'll say just one more thing that might set you thinking, if possible," I said. "If the angels were the first ones to sing the Gloria, in what manner should we say or sing it?"

Repentance

(Continued from page 367)

him, his little innocent prayers, the very feeling of devotion he had felt in his heart, so foreign to him now. He remembered falling to his knees before his father and mother just before leaving home, and receiving their blessing on his First Communion Day; he remembered the tears that had stood in his parents' eyes as they blessed him—

It was too much; thrusting the scapular back into his pocket, he rose, grabbed his hat and flung out of the room. Although his car stood before the door, he did not take it; instead he walked and walked most of the afternoon, hardly knowing where he went. He was vainly trying to shake off this new feeling of "softness" and "cowardice" as he called it. Suddenly he found himself on Chestnut Street; still walking with unseeing eyes, he seemed to hear singing somewhere. Looking up, he found he was passing St. John's Church, and the sound of singing came from within. A waft of incense came out to him and the victory was

complete. Unable to control his feet while he called himself twenty kinds of a fool, he soon found himself in the vestibule of the church. A strong perfume of incense and lilies assailed his nostrils, and the voices kept on singing, "Holy, holy, holy!" softly, sweetly, far up in the front of the church somewhere.

Hat in hand, he followed the sound of the voices, drawn by some force he could not control, until the burst of brilliant lights among white lilies, hyacinths, palms and ferns broke upon his view. There were the children, about fifty of them, with a nun kneeling silent as a statue behind. Now the singing stopped, and a voice began, "Lord have mercy on us," and Mick knelt behind a pillar to watch. As the Litany proceeded, the queer sick feeling turned into a real ache; people came and went. Many knelt before and behind him, and some were going in and out of the confessional nearby.

Now the children sang "Adoro te", and Mick's nostalgia almost overcame him; it was the same tune he had sung as a boy on the choir at St. Mary's. When it had ended, the calm voice of the nun spoke: "Let us pray for the conversion of sinners. Our Father who art in Heaven—" Mick suddenly burst into tears, and sobbed uncontrollably, as if his heart would break. Once or twice he glanced at the confessional, wondering if he had the nerve to go in, wondering if this strange new "foolishness" that had come upon him extended even to that "folly".

Picking up his hat, he began walking down the aisle, then retraced his steps, hesitated—and entered. It was a good hour or more before he left the tribunal of Penance, but when he knelt back in the pew, his face was transfigured. When he left the church, the evening shadows were falling. He scarce noticed anything around him; his feet seemed treading on air; his lips moved in prayer.

Reaching the hotel, he went up to the fifth floor and entered the room where his friends were once more engaged in their perennial card game. He pondered whether it were best to tell them he was through, or leave town secretly. In his new role of an honest man, however, he decided that he would tell the truth; tell them he was clearing out. Morley watched him as he sat alone in a corner of the room, thinking.

"'S'matter, Mick? Still feelin' sick?" he asked.

"No, I'm all right."

"Better take yourself a drink here and get to bed early. Got to have a clear head for tomorrow, you know."

"That's what I want to tell you about. You see—you see, I'm not going to be in on that little job tomorrow." Everybody turned around.

"Not goin' to be in on it? Why not?"

"I'm through; quittin'; goin' straight."

"Oho! I thought there was somethin' funny in the wind!" cried Morley, his wrath gathering like a thunder-cloud. "And what do you figger you're goin' to do, sweetheart?"

"I'm going back to the farm—to my mother. She's all alone, you know, and ought to have somebody around in her old age."

"So you're quittin', eh?" sneered Morley. "Got religion, huh? Spike, here, saw ye comin' outa church."

"Spying on me, eh?" asked Mick.

"Yer darn right. Ye was actin' funny, and we don't take no chances, see?" Michael knew in what coin quitters were paid, in the gang-world, but he thought he might be able to smooth it over. He rose and came over to the chief.

"No hard feelings, chief? I just got tired of the game, that's all. I'm going home and be a plain farmer."

"No! No hard feelin's, Mick! Not at all. But you ain't tippin' off the police on us, are ye?"

"No. I wouldn't do that, chief. You know I wouldn't."

"O. K. then. Go your way in peace, Mick."

"Thanks, chief." Mick then packed his trunk and got all in readiness for leaving. The card game went on again as if nothing had happened, although sundry glances at each other told what was smouldering beneath their nonchalance. Mick phoned for a drayman, and in an hour's time, the trunk was taken down to the Union Station. Then he shook hands all around, and received the good wishes of his erstwhile friends; his train was leaving shortly, and in a few minutes more, he was gone. Just before he went out the door, Morley gave Spike a look, winked his eye and nodded his head toward the

door. Spike nodded, waited until Michael was gone, then rose and followed him.

Mick was troubled; he had promised Morley not to tip off the police, yet it would be wrong to permit the thing to happen, knowing all the details as he did. Lives and other peoples' property would be lost, and this weighed heavily on his conscience. Something must be done; on reaching the station, he had come to a decision. Entering a telephone booth, he looked up the number of the president of the bank; in a few minutes he was speaking to Mr. Warren of the First National.

"Mr. Warren," he said, "I have an important message for you. Don't permit the armored truck to unload at the Chestnut Street entrance tomorrow morning; there's going to be a hold-up. What's that? Never mind who I am. I'm tipping you off, see? Goodbye." And he slammed down the receiver and hurried to the gates, where the train-caller was just announcing his train. He hurried in and found his seat in the Pullman. Not until then did he breathe a sigh of relief.

It was Holy Saturday morning; Michael O'Brien, having heard the Mass and received Holy Communion, spent a long hour over his thanksgiving, his soul at peace with God and the world. Once more he knelt in the very pews where, as a child of eight, he had received our Lord for the first time. Joy and sweetness were in his heart; he was almost the last to leave the church, which was empty, except for the nuns who were bringing in flowers and candles, preparatory to decorating the altars for Easter Sunday, and two men who knelt praying at the rear.

Mick passed the St. Anthony Bread Box and dropped in a half dollar, then dipped his hand in the holy water font and signed himself with the cross. He did not notice the dark shadow lurking behind the bookrack in the vestibule, but stepped out and put on his hat. As he descended the steps, the shadow detached itself from the dark corner and followed. Spike crept along the wall, his hand in his coat pocket, his pocket protruding suspiciously in Mick's direction.

Suddenly Spike's arms were pinned together from the rear, as the two men who had knelt

at the back of the church grasped them. Spike turned around, amazed.

"Well, I'll be a—how in Sam Hill did you know—"

"That's all right, Spike," replied Detective Pat Callahan with a smirk. "Sure an' we saw Mick goin' to confession on Holy Thursday, an' we knowed from that that he'd decided to go straight. So we jest thought we'd watch you fellers a bit."

"Yes, and a good thing that we did," supplemented Detective Tom Monahan. "Come on along, you!"

THE END.

Hello, Ma!

(Continued from page 361)

age. Mere babies. They whisper, snort, moan, snore, cough, groan, snuffle, whimper, kick the covers off, and pass the rest of the time asking the adult in the room to take them to the bathroom or get them a drink of water.

If I have to work nights as well as days I will probably break down.

Lovingly,
Kay.

Avalon, Wis., Friday afternoon.
My dear daughter:

Have been expecting you every day. Have you decided to stay with Mrs. Huck?

It would be a wonderful experience for you to supervise a nursery with eight darling little girls—however I am not telling you what to do.

Pa and Joey are over at Madison taking a short course in Agriculture. Aunt Mame, Mary and Eileen drove to Milwaukee for a few days.

Ben and I are doing the milking and other little chores.

Your loving,
Mother.

Huck Schools for Girls,
Chicago, January 28.

Dear Ma:

Send me a telegram saying you are ill. I cannot stand it any longer. Mrs. Huck is not human. Ma, please send a telegram.

Hurriedly,
Kay.

Telegram to Miss Kay McCann, Huck School for Girls, 4545 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Illinois:

GET AWAY FROM THERE THE SAME
WAY YOU GOT IN STOP WITHOUT MY
AID MOTHER.

Mrs. McCann did not telephone this message to Delavan. She drove to Darien as she did not know the operator there and hoped the operator did not know her.

When Kay received the message she cried for joy. Deliverance. Ma telegraphed. Good old Ma. No matter the words. Ma was excited and only Kay read the bit of yellow paper.

When Mrs. Huck came home from the matinee she was told Miss McCann grabbed her bag (which had been packed for days) and dashed for the station crying: "My mother, my moth-er, my mooo-th-errrr."

Four hours later, up in Avalon, Kate McCann said to Kay: "You came in the nick of time. Your far-cousin, Eileen Doody—the one I named my Eileen after—just telephoned me she wants to take you to Bermuda as her companion. Can you go back to Chicago tomorrow to her house?"

"Yes," said Kay McCann.

(To be continued)

Marriage is Fifty-Fifty

(Continued from page 371)

time trying to convince himself he was; that their marriage had not been fifty-fifty.

Katherine put her in a cab and sent her home. Jack was sitting in the kitchen. "The matinee—" said Mary Lee and began to laugh because everything in the room was laughing. The dishes, the clock, the chairs, and the sink laughed uproariously because Jack, a great actor, was sitting in the kitchen when he should be at the theatre. It was funny. When the chairs and dishes began to jump, she jumped, too, and laughed louder.

"Quit it, beautiful," said Jack. "The neighbors will think I am beating you," and he telephoned to his mother.

She brought the doctor with her and they got Mary Lee to bed. The bed jumped and laughed, and so did she. After three doses of medicine the bed stood still, stopped laughing, and she went to sleep.

Jack's mother was feeding her broth. "Mother Layden, is the rent paid?"

"What have you a husband for if not to pay the rent?" Alice Layden asked.

"Jack has a job!"

"Would he be away all day if he hadn't?"

Mary Lee prayed, oh, so thankfully. That night Jack came to see her and she thanked him for the violets. He grinned and said she had worried him. He sat and held her hand. It didn't shake any more. He took out his watch—her birthday gift to him—looked at it and said: "Beautiful, you had me worried," put his watch in his pocket and left her.

Katherine came then, bent over her and kissed her. "See the violets Jack sent, Kate." Katherine had the bill for them in her purse. "He knows I love them. Remember how mother, you and I gathered them on the farm?"

A few days later the doctor advised Florida. "I can't leave Jack," Mary Lee said.

"Why not?" asked Jack's mother. "He could work better if he knew you were getting well," and gave her a pencil pad, urging: "Go on with your book. Keep it a secret from Jack."

"Is that right, Mother Layden, to keep secrets from your husband? Marriage is fifty-fifty."

"Of course, it is right," said Alice Layden looking at the thin little wrists and thanking: *My son did this to her.*

Lots of folks came to see Mary Lee—Father Reed from St. Ambrose, the staff from the *Telegraph*, her college mates. Jack was always "at the theatre" and the violets came every day.

Ham Carr, the city editor, called to tell her her Chat had been syndicated. "When you finish your story," he said, "I can market it."

"I finished it today," she said and gave it to him.

It made Jack worry to see her so weak. She surely had him disturbed. Bills running up—

His mother looked at him as if she hated him, Mary Lee thought, and he stopped talking. Mrs. Layden kept her busy with her Chats, and then Ham Carr returned with a check for five hundred dollars. Incredulous, Mary Lee gasped: "They bought my story?"

"Why not? It was good and your very soul was in it," said Alice Layden looking at Mary Lee's thin little wrists. "And we are going to Florida—you and I."

